"AN IDYL."

Arabelia was a school-girl— So was Sally Ann: Hasty pudding can't be thicker than two school-girls can.

e were thick as school-girls can be; Deathless love they swore, Vowed that naught on earth should part them One forever more.

They grew up as school-girls will do; Went to parties, too; And, as oft before has happened, Sultors came to woo.

As fate or luck would have it, One misguided man Favored blue-eyed Arabella More than Sally Ann.

And, of course, it made no different that the laws are such That be could not wed two women, Though they wished it much.

So a coolness rose between them, And the cause—a man. Coid was Arabella—very— Colder Sally Ann.

Now they call each other "creature," What is still more sad— Bella, though she won the treasure, Wishes Bally had.

MR. CRANE'S BAD LUCK.

"Here's one o' them pretty-lookin' post-keards M s' Ransom wr.tes to her lolks up the creek."

"Let me see, pa," said Miss So-phronia Crane, seizing it with great in-terest, for the post-office had been but lately removed to Mr. Crane's tavern, and postal-cards written by others were a new and highly appreciated source of information to the young ladv.
"You hain't allowed by the law to

read them keards, Phrony," said her father, gravely, as she settled hers if to study over the dainty handwriting. "I guess the law'll be none the w'ser

"Hoopin' cough—can't go to the mount-ings '—la, pa. do look a-here!" "What?" Mr. Crane put on his "I'll read it. 'Dear Aunties-Hoop-

ing-cough next door. In a dreadful fright about the children, and can't get into our summer quarters for three weeks. Think of trying to get in at

Now don't disappoint us. We shall try and hastily began re-checking the bag-to get there by next Wednesday or gage which had been put off. to get there by next Wednesday or Thursday, and shall expect to find you.'

Which exclamation did not occur on Mrs. Ransom's card, but at the end of Miss Sophronia's reading of it. "Well, if I ain't beat." said Mr. Crane. "Ma, do come here and see

what's up." "Yes, come. All the Ransoms is a-comin' here to stay—le'me see—yes, three weeks or so. And the two old Miss Percy's, too!"

"Bless my heart! A pretty takin' we'll be in where to put 'em all! We can't do it, as I see, Joshua."

"Can't do it!" repeated Mr. Crane, in great contempt. "D'you s'pose we're a-goin' to miss such a chance? Let's : the Jedge and Mis' Ransom, that's two; and the two gals that's growin' up, they must be big enough by this time, of they've growed well sence they was here that three days last summer to coun' as growed folks, that's four;
'n' the four little boys, they'il only count for two, and there's the nurse. I don't see, for my part," continued Mr. Crane, pettishly, "why folks don't pay just the same for nurses; I'm sure they eat as much as anybody. And then the two old ladies; why, I declare! it'll be a clean hundred dollars profit, for the most they goes for is milk and eggs and berries, and things that hardly counts to us; but of course they'll ex-pect to be charged all the same."
"It'll take a lot of scurryin' round to

get things ready," said Sophronia.
"And there's lots of things'd ought to be got," said Mrs. Crane. "I tell you, Joshua, we ought to fix things up a bit, seein' there's such a lot of folks

"Can't help that," said Mr. Crane. setting his lips together. "When folks comes without givin' notice, of course they must take things as they find

"But, pa," said Sophronia, "if we get things fixed up neat and nice, other

forks might come."
"That's so!" said Mr. Crane. There's lots of summer visitors a'comin' into this part of the country now. No reason why we shouldn't have 'em all summer, 'n make our share off 'em." "We'd ought to get a new carpet for the best parlor," said Mrs. Crane,

"and some th ngs in the bed-rooms." "And I must have a new dress," said Sophronia. "Little enough time, but I can make it in two or three after-

"It'll be awful tight pushin' to git things ready," said Mrs. Crane, who put on her spectacles and was consult-ing the card. "This is Monday, and they're comin' Wednesday or Thurs-

I believe I'll get the spring-wagon

was seen approaching. "I this in for the M.ss Percys."

"Ain't you got no sense?" said Mr.

daughter, admiringly.
"I'd better be seein' about that paint,

kept institution known as "Crane's Tavern." and women to gather up their children and flee from close rooms and crowded streets in search of the freshness and

now willing to take the chances of its comforts during the time of waiting for admission elsewhere.

These comforts were being multiplied in a manner most satisfactory to Miss Sophronia and her mother, who resolved between themselves to "git as much out of pa as we can while he's in humor, for he ain't so very often."

Mr. Crane drew up to the station at train-time on Wednesday, taking great care not to damage his freshly painted wheels. He watched the incoming train with the interest always belonging to those living at some distance from any nailway. Iistened to the gong which noisily assisted in proclaiming twenty minutes for dinner, and then became so much absorbed in the arrangement of sundry parcels in his wagon-for his wife had made out a rather more comprehensive list of small groceries than suited him—that he was quite taken by surprise when somebody stood beside

"Why, Mr. Crane! is this you?" "Why, Jedge Ransom!" he ex-claimed, vigorously shaking his offered hand. "Well, if you hain't the last man I cal'lated to see! Been in these parts long?"

"No, just come." "Left your folks all well, I hope?"

"They're all here—see!"
"Well, if this do. beat all!" said Mr. Crane, walking towards them with the Judge. "Hope I see you well, Mis' Ransom, 'n' all the young 'olks, too, but I've no call to ask about them they're all growed like weeds. Trave'lin' fur to-day, Jedge?"
"O Mr. Crane!" said Mrs. Ranson

"are my aunts, Miss Percy and her sister, at your house?" "At my house? No, I naven't seen

"Strange! They could not have received my card, then. I'm sure they would have been there if they had." "That's good!" said one of the

younger members of the family. we can go on and meet the Parkers at the sca-shore. A very animated discussion ensued

during which Mr. Crane stood a little to one side, calculating in his mind how the party could best be divided in to two loads for transportation to his house. Then with a shout the little boys, with the nurse, returned to the car they had left.

Mrs Ransom, with a pleasant-"Remember us kindly to Mrs. Crane and "What's that?" said Mr. Crane.
"At Crane's! Yes, 'tis, sure as you Judge, just as the diners at the station live! and we want you to come down there, too, and spend the time with us. rush for the other end of the platform,

Mr. Crane went after him, with face which had suddenly turned blank at the entrance of a dismal doubt in his mind, and which grew yet blanker as the doubt rapidly took on more and more of a terrible certainty.

"Why, look a'here"-he half gaspe as the Judge saw the last trunk re-shipped, and just as the conductor called "All aboard," turned to him with a good-by expression on his face. "Why-I thought-I mean, we understood-that is I had a notion, you know!—when I seen you all, you might be a-comin' to make us a little visit. "Well," said the Judge, talking rap-

idly, "we had some thought of taking you by storm, and Mrs. Ransom wrote to her aunts to meet us at your house, and if they had been there, of course we should have gone, but since then the young folks have heard from some friends at the shore who urge us to go there, so they want to go and your happening to be here to-day, letting us know the ladies were not with you, exactly fixes things so that we can go on. Good-bye, sir!"

He sprang upon the already moving train, and Mr. Crane stood open-mouthed, gazing after it as it pitilessly shrieked and puffed on its noisy way out of sight.

The song of the birds, the whispering of the winds in the trees, and the ripple of the little trout stream, had recently developed hitherto unthought of charms in Mr. Crane's estimation, in view of the fact of their being indirectly con-vertible into dollars and cents through the attraction they possessed for others.

But their beauty had all departed as he slowly took his homeward way, dismally figuring up a long column in which items of groceries, carpeting, d shes and bedding stood prominent, for the use of which he had now no prospect of charging any one at a profit of three or four hundred per cent.

"Keepin' postoffice ain't no such payin' business after all!" was his sorrow-ful conclusion in the mat er. "Ef that keard hadn't a-come, Phrony wouldn't a-read it, 'n' the old folks 'd a-been down 'n' I shouldn't a-gone to the de pot, 'n' t'other folks 'd a-been up.

"It's strange how some folks' good luck does flop over just afore its to 'em! I wish Phrony 'd let that keard alone." -Sydney Dayre, in Youth's Compan

Resistless Power of an Avalanche. One of the grandest snow-slides that

ever occurred in Colorado took place a few days ago just back of the Upper Twin Lakes. Judge Harlan, an eyewitness, says it was the most sublime sight he ever witnessed. Just back of painted up." said Mr. Crane. "They're great folks to hire when they want a ride, 'n I always charge 'cm livery prices. What you do n', Phrony?" witness, says it was the most sublime sight he ever witnessed. Just back of Twin Lakes are Pomeroy, Gordon and Francis Gulches, on each side of which the mountains rise thousands of feet. swered, twitching the card out of her mother's hand, as the boy who carried the mail over the country of the card out of her had been covered during the heavy and the mail over the country of the carried protracted storms with an entire or the country of the card out of her had been covered during the heavy and the mail over the country of the card out of her had been covered during the heavy and the mail over the country of the card out of her had been covered during the heavy and the mail over the country of the card out of her had been covered during the heavy and the mail over the card out of her had been covered during the heavy and the mail over the card out of her had been covered during the heavy and the mail over the card out of her had been covered during the heavy and the mail over the card out of her had been covered during the heavy and the mail over the card out of her had been covered during the heavy and the mail over the card out of her had been covered during the heavy and the mail over the country of the heavy and the mail over the country of the heavy and the mail over the country of the heavy and the mail over the country of the heavy and the mail over the country of the heavy and the heavy and the mail over the country of the heavy and the mail over the country of the heavy and the heavy a the mountains rise thousands of feet. the mail over the country cross-route depth of snow, until the weight had bewas seen approaching. "I must put come such that it could be sustained no longer. The Judge says that, as it hap-pened, he was standing where he could Crane, slipping the card into a drawer. see the avalanche perfectly. All at "Don't you see that when the Ransoms once his ears were greeted with a low, comes and finds their folks ain't here rumbling sound that seemed like the they'll want to see 'em right off, and they'll hire me to hitch up and go right over after 'em, and I'll charge four dollars and a half for the trip? We'll only keep the keard a few days, you know.' keep the keard a few days, you know.' road. The agitation seemed to break "Well, pa, you do beat all!" said his loose the snow from its moorings in the other two gulches, and almost before one had time to think hundreds of acres for I want to be ready jest to happen of snow were coming down the mount-down to the station, 'n' I'll git the job ain with a roar like thunder, and filling of haulin' 'em out here. 'Taint no ways likely any other wagon'll be handy, so I can make two trips with 'em all."

A wonderful confusion prevailed for the next two days at the run-down, half-kept institution known as "Crane's Tayorn" from where the avalanche started to the valley where it stopped. So deep was the snow that a grove of quaking asp, whose trees were from twenty to forty and flee from close rooms and crowded streets in search of the freshness and sweetness of country sights and sounds, had been moving some of them in the direction of the Crane neighborhood.

While on a journey the previous year to their old relatives, who always spent a long summer among the hills and valleys, the conveyance of the Ransom family had broken down, which circumstance had led to the necessity of their seeking the hospitalities of the Crane mansion. The beauty of the surroundings had so pleased them that they were

The Home-Made Dude.

"Do they make you tired?"
"Well, I should hum!"

The question and its metaphorical but vigorously expressive answer were aspired by the presence of a Detroit in a Griswold street barber shop. The person who proposed the question was gentleman who subsequently exdudeling who merely parts his hair oa him as water has on a dog

ed with hydrophobia. "I git quite a procesh of them things my chair," continued the barber, with a curious nervous movement -s cross between a chuckle and a shudder -"but jest as soon's warm weather comes I'm goin' to rattle 'em out, now don't you forget it.' "Why? Are they not profitable cus-

tomers?" "Not much! There's that little feller that jest went out. We call him Lizzie here in the shop-when he sin't around -because he's more like a girl goin' to her first ball than a man. I don't 'spose he's more'n twenty years old, but his git-up's a killer. He come in here the night of the swell skatin' party at McQuade's rink, with a claw-hammer coat on under a tailer (new-market you know), that pretty nearly dragged on the ground, a white handkercher spread out under his vest, and the darndest toothpicky pair of toothpick shoes on I ever got onto—and I've seen some tough ones in my time. I was waitin' on a customer, and so this feller he set down in that very chair you're in now, hauled out a one-eyed eye-glass, stuck it into his right eye, screwed up the right-hand corner of his mouth and made out 's f he was a readin'. Mr. Merryweather, there, laughed so much

he's been sick ever sence.
"When I got through with my regular customer I tried to fish up an excuse to git out of the shop, but the dude to bang his hair, then part it down the middle a little ways and then plaster it and bring the ear-locks forward. After that he wanted a hand-glass, and then I had to arch up his eye-brows, which he wouldn't let me do till he'd stuck that one-eyed glass in zain." "Well, you made at least a dollar on

"Got jest twenty-five cents. Why, every time that feller and his kind come around they want the ends of their hair trimmed and don t never want to pay

more'n ten cents for it. either."
"What is your observation with respect to the intellectual strength of men who part their hair in the middle?"
"Oh, that depends. We git Canucks and Englishmen here sometimes who

do that and yet who seem to have horse sense; but when it comes to our own country folks (Americans, I mean not Africans,) the fellers that part their hair in the middle don't amount to a hill of beans—can't talk about anything but clothes and hair oil, with now'n then an exception 'bout gals. Never saw one of them cusses that didn't think every gal he knowed was dead gone on him, and I'll bet money not one of 'em could tell to save his soul when the Mayflower come over or whether Abe Lincoln or Bismarck issued the emaneipation proclamation."

Here Mr. Merryweather seized the opportunity to remark that "none o' them dudes dast go to the roller skatin' rinks for fear all the ladies'd be after em to skate to fast music, and that d sweat their bangs all out."

month, the historian of the episode paid for two weeks' shaves and the curtain dropped. - Detroit Free Press.

Yes, only a bit of crumpled silk hid away amidst the luxuriant disorder of a lady's shopping bag. A slender slice of shimmering silk in close companionship with a dainty pocket-handkerchief, a button-hook, a very rich portemonnaie with a very poor interior, ten or twenty wrinkled hair-pins, three car-tickets, a re ipe or two, a card case, and a miscellaneous asso tment of caramels, gum drops, and a dreamy, complex atmos-phere of patchouly and hamamelis.

Only a remnant. But a remnant with a history, a rem nant with a future full of romantic pos-

That remnant was c pluribus unum. that is to say, one of many which were to find temporary accommodation in that shopping-bag; many which were to be got by means similar to those which se ured this.

But our business at present is not with them, but with this one only; this soli-tary remnant; this silken hermit.

On the morning of the day which found this remnant in Mrs. Shoppington's shopping-bag, Mrs. S. started out bright and carly, arrayed in her best attire and her most insinuating smile. This was sufficient indication that she was bent on a day of pleasure, to-wit, she was go-

ing a shopping.
Following the injunction of old, she took no scrip in her purse, or none to speak of. Money is the last thing thought of or needed to the woman on a shop-ping tour. There is this difference beween the sexes, a man buys, a woman

from the establishment of Satinsheen & Grosgrain's. Mrs. Shoppington had been successful in that establishment. She had made a goodly begin-

ning, and Mrs. Shoppington was happy. She had told the clerk that she wished to look at some of his silk. She was better than her word. She looked at all the accommodating clerk showed her. was not ready to purchase that day. was very sorry she had put him to such trouble, but would the clerk give a pat-tern of that lovely silk upon which her

hence the remnant in Mrs. Shopping-ton's shopping-bag, and hence her happy countenance.

But Mrs. Shoppington did not hurry away to the railway station. Possibly

she had forgotten her relative in the suburbs whilst feasting her eyes upon those silken temptations or in her joy over the remnant in her shopping-

For she entered the dry-goods house of Hamburg & Co., a few doors away, and went instinctively to the silk constitutions. ter. She was shown several invoices of the glossy fabric, and then, as in Satin-

sheen & Grosgrain's, she informed the patient clerk that she did not intend to purchase. A friend asked her to look at me silks for her and get a few patterns. Mrs. Shoppington did not men-tion who this friend was. Possibly she

referred to that relative in the suburb :. The clerk begged, her pardon, but it was contrary to rules to give patterns. Mrs. Shoppington was very sorry. Her friend would be so disappointed. Then she looked at the silk again, and re-marked that "that" would just suit her friend, she was sure. Now, couldn't the clerk break the rule for this once? She wouldn't ask such a thing for her-

sels. But her friend—
The clerk relented and cut off a snip; and having done this, it was the easiest thing in the world to induce him to give patterns of three or four more pi for possibly, you know, her friend might prefer some one of the others to the piece which suited Mrs. Shoppington's eve.

Only a remnant. But a solitary remnant no longer. It now had several companions, as rich and lustrous as itself.

Mrs. Shopp ngton's step was lighter and her smile sweeter than when we first saw her emerging from Satinsheen & Grosgrain's, notwithstanding she then

looked supremely happy.

Mrs. Shoppington's shopping tour promised to be a successful one. And was eminently successful. It is unnecessary to follow her from store to store, or to relate the sweet little subterfuges through which she possessed her-self of silken patterns of every hue and in goodly number. Only a remnant.

When she arrived home, after her day of pleasure, she opened her shopping bag, and. with face aglow with joy. displayed to the admiring family the result of her operations.

"There!" she exclaimed, triumphantly, "I've got enough now. I'm go-ing to work on it to-morrow, and I guess you won't find another one in the city that will begin to compare with

-Boston Transcript.

The Care of Callas.

Now this, I judge, is the scientific treatment to give the calla. Let it have rest from June to September, but do not suffer its rootlets to die or become withered. Look closely at a calla root. It is like a cord of flesh, and each delicate hair is a mouth, through whiel nourishment is to be drawn for the plant. If the bulb is found stripped of ts live and healthy rootlets when time for repotting comes, then two or three months will be taken in supplying a new network before there will be any extra energy to put into blossom Here is seen the error of the 'drying It is a waste of strength and process." time to suffer the roots to become im-

paired. The method I have employed for years is to place the plots outdoors in their erect position, thus insuring to them the watering of the dew and occasional rains, no more, unless there be a long drouth, during which they should be sometimes sprinkled. In September the plants, having then one or two short leaves, are repotted, taking care to preserve all the healthy roots uninjured; regular watering is commenced; two or three new leaves are thrust out and blossoms are secured within a month after repotting. Few callas, under the "drying process,"

"S-s-s-h!" commanded the boss as another dudelet swung open the door and came simpering along to the enemys chair.

"Canas, under the "grying process," will blossom before January or February. Under the plan here advocated, the "resting process," they are secured in October, and are produced during The boss winked wickedly. Mr. the longer period in equal plenty and uxuriance.

I have had thirteen blossoms within a twelve-month from a single bulb with but one crown and stalk. Who can show better results than this? I do not permit the younger bulbs to grow, but force all the strength of the plant into one stalk, and am repaid by having my lilies come in pairs, two out of blossom leaf, one generally showing itself before the other is gone. With my five pots, of a single stalk each, I have had seven blossoms in sight at once,

and never less than three. Single stalks grow in greater luxuriance, producing larger blooms and leaves. By crowding the pots with many stalks, more blossoms will be secured from the same space at your win-dow, but they will be of an inferior order. The true window gardener is not anxious to have so many plants, but strong, and large, and blooming ones. Give me one large calla that blossoms

Give me one large can to the freely rather than a dozen tiny pots. for no matter how warm the water is t will be cold when it reaches the roots. It is better to use as warm as the hand will bear, and pour in at the top, letting the old and cold water run off at the bottom. The whole pot is then thoroughly warmed through. Use as little water as may be, else the richness of the earth will be carried off by that which escapes. A little ammonia in the water adds greatly to the vigor and productiveness of the plant .- N. Y. In-

What Science Is Doing for Us.

"Clearin' up?" replied the Old Settler. "I hain't been able to see no sign o' any clearin' up yit. It usety be, gosh, that ye could go a little by the moon in makin' yer calc'lations 'bout things; but fur all the use the moon is Mrs. Shoppington, her shopping-bag now fur that, ye mowt jest ez well and its contents, including the remnant, scoop the in ards out'n a skim-mik the hero of our story, had just emerged cheese, light a taller dip, an' put it in it, an' hang it up on a flag pole. I ben sayin' along during this damp spell: 'Wait till the moon changes, an' this weather'll flop 'roun' with a jerk, an' we'll hev it dryer'n a temper'nce pic-nic, an colder'n an icicle off'n the North Pole.' Wal, the moon changed t'other day, but 'stid o' the weather the accommodating clerk showed her, fetchin' up with a short jerk an' takin' and he showed her the entire stock in the back track, it just tuck to rainin' trade. Then she informed him that she all the harder, an gives me a durn nice record for knowin's thing or two. I She had not come prepared to buy. Indeed she had not thought of visiting any
store, being in a great hurry to visit a
relative in the suburbs; but just as she
record for anowin a thing 1.

tell ye, b'gosh, that these gastrominers
that's a settin up nights all over the
country, pokin' their spyglasses 'round,
drawin' bead on a comet ev'ry little bered that she wished to look at some silks, and she couldn't resist the temptation to step in for just a moment. She ole women at a tea will be a lot o' was very sorry she had a lot o' look at some silks, and she couldn't resist the temptation to step in for just a moment. She ole women at a tea will be a lot o' was very sorry she had a lot o' look at some silks, and she will be a lot o' look at some silks, and she will be a lot o' look at some silks, and she will be a lot o' look at some silks, and she couldn't resist the temptation. ole women at a tea party, is a playin' hob with things in this mundane spear. 'Fore we know'd that they was mountains on the moon things worked all right. We know'd jist w'en to pole or beauty in the work of th eyes lingered so admiringly.

The clerk would, and he did, and our beans an stick our peas; wen to 'spect wet weather an' w'en we was gointer hev a drout; w'en to go a fishin' an' w'en to kill our pigs. But now we're gittin' too smart, an' we don't know nothin'. 'Twon't s'prise me a durn bit to wake no some fine mornin' durn bit to wake up some fine mornin' an' find ev'rything drownded out, or burnt up, or knocked pizzle-jee-whang, by a comet gettin' on its ear. 'Twon t, b'gosh!"—N. F. Sun.

-Stanley has visited the Congo Val-ley north of the equator, and finds a dense and enterprising dense and enterprising population probably 40,000,000.—N. Y. Herald,

Our Best Young Men.

"Wha's all's talk 'bout that Texas fellah and this Lasker business?" asked one of our best young men, as he stood with his friends inhaling the maddening fumes of the destroying cigarette.

A long silence followed, which was at length broken by the best young man who makes a living by sucking the head of a cane. After pondering the question fully for a long time, he said: "What Lasker y' talkin' 'bout?"

The first best young man was evidently annoyed by the question. He looked sadly at his toothpick shoes, hoping for some inspiration from them, but none came. He sighed heavily, cast an appealing glance toward the well-informed best young man, who re mained silent, however, and the first speaker replied:

"Same Lasker—fellah that got into trouble with Texas fellah—Doubiltree, was Texas fellah's name, b'lieved ome kind of-er ah-trouble,

lieved. The eyes of all the best young men now turned toward the well-informe est young man. He was always looked up to in political discussions, because e once drew a salary in the custom house for doing something or other—he had forgotten what it was that he did in the custom-house, but he did it for several years. In answer to the glance bent upon him in mute, but intelligent inquiry, the well-informed best young

"Aw-yaas, I know. I said at the time there'd be trouble. Said when Secretary Steward-"

washing. "Dash if I know, ' said the well-inorgotten what. Well, I said when Secretary Steward bought Alasker of the Proos ans said then Bismarck make trou le 'bout it some day, 'n he has."
"Wha'd he buy it for?" asked the best young man, who generously allows his sister, who teaches school,

nearly one half of her salary.
"Don't know," said the well-informed best young man. 'Spect wanted to build on it, or or or some-thing," he added, with a sudden gleam

"Why," explained the well-informed est young man, "Te tas fellah's something to do with Government; he' Land Commissioner, I b'li-ve; some

thing 'f that kind; he's in with Govern-

ment someway, anyhow. Name Oglesby, Texas feliah's name is. Ha marveling greatly at the breadth and depth of the knowledge of the well-in-formed young man. Still, it isn't every young man who could enjoy that young man's opportunities. But these are stirring times, and when we reflect that by and by the youth of to-day must man and guide the ship of state it is very gratifying to see our best young men taking an active interest in poli-

A Choir Anecdote. In the Century, Rev. Dr., Charles S. Robinson continues his discussion of the sarcastic temperance advocate might annoyances and humors of the musical service in churches, and relates this an-ecdote: "Glorious Easter was at hand three hundred quarts, of wheat per and great preparations were made in the capita, and scarcely one quart of rural parish for its celebration; boughs yet, in spite of a considerable tariff on were twined in the a-ches of the build-rice, the prices per bushel of wheat and or flowers swung in wreaths overhead rough rice are and shone in beautiful baskets among the aisles; children had been rehearsing eats rice, and prefers it to bread. If a carols. All the town came in on that notable morning. It was a scene never in a twelvemonth it is likely he will to be forgotten. The minister was radiant; his eyes beamed with delight. But a thought struck him: this audience, so happy, so generous, sc enthusiastic-would they not hear him a mo ment for a stroke of business? After the invocation and the first song, he surprised them with a proposition to bring 'Easter offerings' now at once to God's altar, and lift the dear old church home, will hardly call for it a out of debt; oh, then there would be a time at the best hotels of New York or resurrection! The congregation would Long Branch. This is strange, but it is still stranger that, even in come up from under its great stone into new life if they would roll it away Then the plates went their course, and rice is not eaten largely, while in the hearts were touched, and purses were emptied, and the heaps of money lay before the moistened eyes of the relieved regular article of diet that pastor as he tremulously thanked a or Illinois. Why is this? good God for his people's fidelity in re- The explanation is to be found in the sponse. 'The money is here, I am sure cooking, and in that alone. Is it then it is,' he exclaimed. 'If there be a little in so hard to cook? By no means. Or

arrears it can be made up in a day, and now we are ready heartily to go on with the worship of our risen Lord.' So the fixed programme proceeded. A little German had been procured from the metropolis for an annex to the tenor his solo came in at this exact crisis of grateful emotion; he rendered it with : fresh aplomb, though the consonants were awkward: 'An' de det sall be raised-de det sall be raised-an' de de -an' de .det-sall be raised-sall be raised-in de twinkling of an ay-ee!' "Now it is quite sa'e to say that after the congregation went home, the theme of the day was dissipated, and the two events uppermost in everybody's mind were the surprise which the eager minister had sprung upon the people, and the ridiculous appropriateness of the de-clamatory solo which followed it. On general principles, we have no objec-tion to the collection of money to discharge religious obligation, even in divine service; but it does seem a pity that a humorous episode should be the chief reminiscence of such a solemn oc-Our Caudle Lecture.

I'm glad to hear you were so busy at your office last night, Mr. Kumminlate. Balancing your books, eh? Well, that's hard, I suppose, especially when you have to do it with chalk. Don't know what 1 mean? Do you think I can't see? When you came in to-night your coat was covered with chalk marks, Leaned against the wall, did you?

You probably forgot that the only You probably forgot that the only wall in your office is a wooden partition. Oh, you brushed against a barrel of lime on your way home, eh? The sidewalks were too narrow, of course. Balancing your books, indeed! You mean that you were balancing a billiard cue in one hand and a glass of bad liquor in the other. No?

Then why were you chewing cloves when you came in? Why did you try to climb up the book case, and growl about the stairs being so steep?

about the stairs being so steep?
Tired, were you? I should say you nust be, poor, overworked fellow. You see this? Well, this is a pedom ster which I put in your pocket when you went out this evening to go to the

It registers twenty-five miles. Bal-sucing books will make you a pedestri-an one of these days, Mr. Kummiriate. -N, Y. Morning Journal

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

-A dressing of nitrate of soda in spring sets wonderfully on young wheat.—N. Y. Examiner.

-To unite broken glass take a small quantity of ising see and dissolve in spirits of wine, by the aid of heat. This will unite broken glass so as to leave the crack nearly imperceptible and is equal to the best glass cement sold at the stores.—Exchange.

-Brown Bettle's: Two pounds of flour, one pound of sugar, three-quar-ters of a pound of butter, three eggs, a small cup of milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus: drop in small lumps on this: flavor with nutmeg or cinnamon; bake in a quick oven.—N. Y. Times.

-Is it a fact that brown eggs are oreferred in market to white ones? o-why?-because they look neater by showing dirt less? We can remember— some of us—spleening against brown eggs when they first appeared, and if the fashion has changed it will probably change again as soon as vigilant management chooses to give its attention to white ones.—N. Y. Post.

-Fall-plowed land intended for grass should be seeded as early as may b get a good surface. Young grass don't like hot and dry summer weather. The finish of the new sward will depend on how much we harrow and trample the land. There is little fear of our doing too much of that if the soil is rich, for grass—of the finer sorts in particular—likes a firm soil .- Cleveland Leader.

-A Sure Cure for Bone-felon: Take "Who's he secretary of?" asked the best young man whose mother takes in it air-slacked lime until it is the consistency of glazier's putty. Make a leather thimble, fill it with this composition, formed best young man, after a painful and insert the finger therein, and change silence; "some club or othah—I've just the composition once in two minutes, forgotten what. Well, I said when Sec- and a cure is certain. This is a simple remedy for a very painful disease and will be found to be all it claims. - N. Y. Hera'd.

-The seductive rhubarb will soon make its appearance in our gardens, and if you like it well enough to add to it all the sugar that it demands, you can preserve some of it for use next winter; take it while crisp and perfectly brittle and fresh; steam it so as to do away with unnecessary juice; then when it is tender put it in a porcelain it?" asked the best young man who used to assist at the ribbon counter.

"Why." evylained the minimum when hot put it away in care.

-Gentlemen's collars should be quite dry before they are starched. Dip them in warm starch and let them dry again perfectly. They must then be dipped into cold water, spread out smoothly on a clean towel and rolled up tightly. And the best young mer wandered on to a place that sold stented eigarettes.

And the best young mer wandered on the above rules adhered to the linen will have a fine clean towel and rolled up tightly. will have a fine gloss when ironed. A little gum-arabic and common soda added to the starch gives extreme stiff-

The Art of Cooking Rice. Sin: With your permission, I will

answer the question addressed to "F." about cooking rice. As a rice planter, tics .- Robert J. Bur dette, in Brooklyn I am greatly interested in everybody's knowing how to cook rice. Wheat and rice are the only two grains consumed exclusively by man, or nearly so. Of corp, oats, barley, rye, etc., the great bulk (even of that turned into liquor. a say) is consumed by beasts. The counstranger comes among us (not too old) show this preference, and children in-variably acquire it. Yet out of a rice country nobody can eat it, except in puddings, and the better he loves it the less the born and bred rice-eater will have to do with it there. A "So'th Car'linian" from Georgetown or Beaufort, who eats rice always once, and sometimes twice and thrice a day at terior of South Carolina and Georgia, upper portions of those States, except v-county families, it is no more regular article of det than it is in Ohio

the contrary, the cooking is of the very simplest and easiest, so much so that every negro girl of twelve or upward in the rice country can cook it to perfection, though possibly she can cook nothing else. In fact, the plantation rice hands cook it very much better than you will find it cooked at the best hotels in Charleston or Savannah. Now, I will tell you how to cook it, so there can be, I think, no mistake. I am fond of camp hunting in the winter frequently staying out on the river for a week or ten days, and I always carry rice because it is so easy to keep and difficult to injure, under the ordinary conditions of camp life, when a sudden shower or a leaky boat may ruin your flour at short notice. Also, I always carry Ned, a black man, who knows how to cook rice. Many and many a time have I watched him at it by the camp fire; but last winter, there having been some discussion of it in the papers, I took occasion one day to observe Ned with his rice, very closely, watch in hand. Here is just what he did, how he did it, and the actual time, except of the last operation, which is not im portant, so you give time enough—not less than half an hour, and better, an

First, he poured a pint of rice into tin pan and picked it over carefully throwing out any foreign substance Then he poured into the pan some co Then he poured into the pan some cold water, washed the rice, poured the water off, and picked the rice again. A second time it was washed and the water poured off Then Ned put th rice into an ordinary two-quart saucepan, covered it to the depth of a half inch with cold water, stirred in the salt, fitted on the top carefully, and put the saucepan on a quick fire of coals, and went to his other work. In just twenty minutes Ned returned to his rice and cemoved the lid. It was done, but not removed the lid. It was done, but not yet ready for the table. There was a little water left, which was carefully poured off; the rice was thoroughly stirred from the bottom, not the top, but a tin plate was laid lightly on the saucepan, and the saucepan set one side in the hot ashes, where it remained very slowly steaming one hour, or may-hap two, when the rice was so dry that you might eat it with your fingers, and at the same time thoroughly done, and soft through and through. Nobody can like raw rice, neither can any one like it sogged with water by an hour's bolling and no steaming.—N. Y. Evening Pest.

M. W. SUTTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

DODGE CITY, - - - KANSAS.

J. T. WHITELAW,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, DODGE CITY, - - - KANSAS.

E. BURNS,

DODGE CITY, - - - KANSAS.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

D. SWAN. ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Will attend to professional business in District Court and inferior courts through the countr. Will give especial attention B. Land Office business.

OHN MADDEN.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - - KANSAS. Will practice in Ford and adjoining counties.

Surveying and Showing Government

Land in Southwest Kansas.

KANSAS. DODGE CITY, - - -Office, Room 4, Hoover's Brick.

(In Post-office Block) DODGE CITY, . . . KANSAS. THOS. C. OWEN, PROP.

CITY DRUG STORE.

Drugs and Medicines, PERFUMERY, Tollet Articles, Paints, Oils, Etc.

H. M. CLARK.

ness and gloss to collars. - The House- Notary Public and Justice of the Place,

SPEARVILLE, KANSAS. Particular attention given to business in the U. S. Land office. Collections promptly at

One door West of Times Office.

BABIES PHOTOGRAPHS A SPECIALTY.

-DEALERS IN-Cigars and Tobacco,

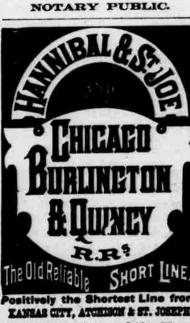
Post-office Block, - DODGE CITY, KAS.

NOTIONS AND STATIONERY.

FRED T. M. WENIE, nd story R. M. Wright & Co.'s Brick Store, DODGE CITY, KAS.

HOUSES FOR RENT.

pany.



To CHICAGO and the East Entire Trains run through without change

ONLY LINTED
running Through Sleepers from
Eansas City, Topeks, Atchison and St. Joseph

MEALS SERVED IN THE Famous C. B. & O. Dining Cars.

assengers by this line are landed in Gra on Depot, Chicago, where direct comm is are made for all points east. All Trains Run Daily. No Sunday

This is the popular line via PEORIA AS INDIANAPOLIS, CINCINNATI, COLUMBUS,

VIa QUIMOY.

OHN B. CARSON, S. E. HOOPE

DODGE CITY. - - - KANSAS.

MADDEN BROTHERS.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

C. VAN TROMP,

DODGE CITY. - - - KANSAS.

T J. WRIGHT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

TONSORIAL ROOMS,

Shaving, Hair Cutting and Shampooing in Latest Style.

Post-office Building. - DODGE CITY, KAS.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

Photographs made excinsively by the Light-ning Emulsion process. C. A. CONKLING, Photographer.

HARTMAN & CO.,

Insurance, Real Estate

COLLECTION.

Agent for the Dodge City Town Com-



Palace Reclining Chair Cars on all Trains, Day and Night, Through to Chicago without chang

lay-over.

and all points in the S enember, that Through Tickets by this o can be had at all principal stations in the t. Be sure that your tickets read over the Raliable Houte

P. J. POTTER, PERCEVAL LOWELL, Vin-Pre. & Go. Magric Bagge Combund